and amidst the desolation of a city of tombs, pulsating with the thud of the screw on crowded decks passing over seas scented with orange blossoms, and in the solitudes of green mountain lakes whose shores were covered with the belled spires of the lily of the valley, and draped with masses of maidenhair fern.

It is in the fire ceremony, when the hosts of Agni * are under human control, so that even little children can pass barefoot through the molten furnace, and find it a soft carpet.

But its call is most insistent in the white silence of a Himalayan winter, when the panthers leave pugs in the snow secreting the scarlet begonia buds beneath.

It fills cave temples with hidden chambers, where the Priests of the Wisdom still perform its rites as ever, and in mystic cities masked by Maya^f from the vulgar gaze, and cradling the Coming Race of a more glorious age. It is in the lives of men and women living, some of them, among us, to whom the body is but a sheath, a shell to be tossed *off* at will,

experi-
menters who have finished with all
reading

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[redacted]experiencers